

# Too Many Cooks, Believe Me Sister

( Georgesco D'Anjou )

You can pray, 'til your hair turns gray  
Nothing's gonna change the way it's off to now  
Never believing, always deceiving  
No one trusts anyone, anyhow  
So I'll pack my bags girl  
Leave for the road on my own  
Pack up my bags girl  
Nothing's ever gonna feel like home  
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go  
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go  
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go  
Caught red handed, my tears flow  
So much money, so many unhappy  
It's shameful to hate what you've grown up to love  
Never giving, they're always receiving  
And baby, I got to run  
So I'll pack my bags girl  
Leave for the road on my own  
Pack up my bags girl  
Nothing's ever gonna feel like home  
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go  
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